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chapter to "official questions" regarding the running of such institutions, and in the appendix supplies examples of the printed blanks needed. Other chapters discuss the preparation required for collections, their formation, the making ready of objects to be shown, the situation and architectural plan of museum. A very excellent, workmanlike treatise. (New York and London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1917.)

THE BIRD STUDY BOOK. By T. Gilbert Pearson. A handbook by an expert on the fascinating subject of our feathered friends, illustrated with two-score inserts carrying half-tone illustrations—one in colors—and more than two dozen line-cuts in the text from pen and ink drawings by Will Simmons. The chapters on laws for the protection of birds, on the traffic in feathers, on bird reservations and on teaching bird study to children offer a wealth of information to the constantly increasing number of persons who have turned their attention to the preservation of birds—our chief reliance in the problem of keeping insects in check and saving our crops from destruction. Some of the material has appeared in *The Craftsman* and *Country Life In America*, but the book is substantially new. As Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, the writer has had a long apprenticeship to bird lore and bird life. In consideration of the vast importance of our crops to the country and to the Allies with whom we have entered the world-war, it would be difficult to overestimate the value of this little volume. But the subject itself is engrossing and the exposition of it most attractive, so that aside from the usefulness of the work, it is very readable, and to those who have not yet had their attention drawn to the matter it will prove even more than just readable. (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1917.)

A DECORATOR-ARCHITECT ON ELEMENTS

Examples are not wanting, particularly in this country, remarks Mr. W. Franklyn Paris in the foreword to his handsome volume on *Decorative Elements in Architecture* (New York: John Lane Company) of millions spent on façades and farthings only on interiors. "Many a costly gown of silk or satin hides a tattered cotton petticoat. However, that is not the chief crime; it is when the petticoat is also costly and of silk for it to be too long or too full or *too green*."

The chapters on rationalism in art and "guessing and knowing" call attention to the difficulties met by the decorative architect in solving intricate problems and to the need of an all-round ability and training along many lines if we are to have artistic interiors. The general spread of knowledge and increase of ease in travel, together with photographic processes, have improved public taste and raised the artistic average; this is "nowhere so apparent as in the decoration of our public buildings. The hotels and theatres of to-day bear the same relation to the hotels and theatres of the nineties as does the present-day limousine to the velocipede of our grandfathers." Mr. Paris upholds the special branch of his own profession—he is an old Beaux Arts man and a lecturer on fine arts—and protests that decorative art is difficult and

complex, requiring not only gifts of invention and taste, but profound technical knowledge, being based not on imagination only, but material realization.

"Decorative art is a composition of daring and restraint, of enthusiasm and wisdom, of imagination and of science, of a little madness and of a good deal of reason. It is not an idealistic art but a material and a realistic art, requiring to be thought out with minuteness. . . ."

Generously illustrated with specimens of notable furniture, stained glass windows, tapestries and artistic ironwork, the text slips from generalities to particular instances and back. France is the usual place from which he draws examples, Spain and Britain are also cited. As to chairs, for instance, an article of furniture that is moved about and placed in profile or with back turned, etc., we are called upon to note the singular and mistaken habit among chairmakers of neglecting the decoration of the back; also we are told: "a chair may be doleful or festive, formal or familiar, dainty or robust, masculine or feminine. Furniture need not be inanimate. It may have character and soul and convey delicate subtleties of feeling. . . ."

One of the best chapters is that on Wrought Iron. In that about painted and stained glass the services and improvements introduced by American artists are not mentioned at all—a serious matter in an American who lectures and writes for home circles. We are altogether too imitative and timid in art matters as it is, and if we are forever to exalt European art and ignore our own men, we must expect the purse-carriers will pass our own workmen by. The chapter on the development of ornament is well expressed. Here and there the proof-reader has nodded: *vitral* for vitrail, *Sargossa* for Saragossa, *Grenique* for Granikos, *Arbelles* for Arbela. The reader will find many pregnant sentences and suggestive paragraphs in this attractive volume.

SOME RECENT EXHIBITIONS

During April some paintings of California by Paul Harvey of Santa Barbara were shown at the Folsom Galleries, New York. Though Mr. Harvey's home is the land of nearly perpetual summer, the paintings that hit closest to nature were the little snowscapes—"Winter Afternoon," "February Snow," "Coming of Spring" and "Vanishing Snow"—but that is not to say that other canvases lacked merit. Good composition and dignity, along with a very pleasing color scheme, appeared in "The Home of the Eagle" and "Montecito Valley," while "Santa Ynez Range" manages to express very intelligibly the beauty of the mountainous Pacific Slope.

Perhaps it is due to the cloudlessness of a large part of the year in Southern California, but Mr. Harvey has rarely anything interesting or poetic to say about cloudland, and when he does, he sometimes makes the clouds heavy and painty, as in "Glimpses of the Pacific." His tendency is toward rich sensuous color—"The Opalescent Sea," and he loves to paint flowers—"Spring Blossoms" and "In a California Garden." One can say of him that he has good promise and if he will devote himself

for some time to drawing the structure of the earth in his landscapes and pushing for the big in composition, he should achieve the best results, for he seems gifted by Nature with a strong feeling for color.

* * *

Miss Cecilia Beaux held in May an exhibition of portraits at the Knoedler Galleries, New York, consisting for the most part of recent work. She has a decided talent for expressing the attractive side of her sitters; at the same time she is not always happy in her poses which are sometimes stiff, or purposely, transparently awkward. The most charming of all is the portrait of a pensive maiden taken a good while ago; it has fine composition and is attractive in its simple gamut of color. Miss Beaux is at her best with a single figure; the introduction of a second appears to put her out; the group is not well knit together—as if the second were an afterthought.

* * *

Among the subordinate societies that crop up in New York to formulate the ideas of special groups one must reckon with The Allied Artists of America (another A. A. A. to puzzle all but the initiates!) who have opened a fourth annual picture-fair in the Fine Arts building, 215 West Fifty-seventh Street. The "Allied" proposes to get along with as little organization as possible. It does not reach the bottom level of imbecility where the Independents wallow in alphabetical disorder, but it professes in the same fashion to do without a jury of acceptance, while places on the wall are settled by an appeal to lots. The exhibition opened Thursday, May 3rd, under a Board of Control—"control" is a term of ill-omen, a *verbum nefastum* among the boys—which includes Ernest Albert as President, Eliot Clark as Treasurer and Glenn Newell as Secretary. Among the more recent adherents are Albert Groll, Guy Wiggins, Ossip Linde and Julian Onderdonck.

The Allied Artists occupy the same galleries as the Winter and Spring Academies, but the general aspect of their show is better, because they do not attempt to hang more than a hundred framed oils, devoting the central gallery to smaller water-colors, drawings and pastels. The membership is nearly one hundred and only work by members is shown. The group system is used in cases where several pictures are entered.

Mediocrity was the rule in the fourth annual, against which for background certain paintings stood out with advantage. Thus Orlando Rouland's portrait of Mrs. Ledoux standing beside her tall white staghound is a handsome and well-posed picture in which the embroidered Oriental opera cloak with sleeves makes a charming color-scheme, along with the lining and sash of dull raspberry. Henry Salem Hubbell had an engaging duo of half-lengths—"The Boy and His Mother." There was a capital landscape by Geo. M. Bruestle called "In the Valley," well distributed, spacious, finely composed, peaceful, distinguished—was there any finer landscape in the Academy exhibitions? "Lord's Cove" by Clark C. Voorhees and "Valley Road" by Robert Nisbet insist on appreciation. Two New York snowscapes in driving snowstorms compel admira-

tion for the deft brush of Guy Wiggins by their realism and yet remain something more than just realism. One may regret that Harry S. Hoffman who paints subaqueous views—or shall we say aquarium bits?—could not learn from Mr. Wiggins; for he is not able to give the illusion of submarine things—the water perspective, the equivalent of "atmosphere" in the upper air. Noteworthy are pieces by Ipsen, Ossip Linde, MacGilvary, Luis Mora, De Witt Lockwood and H. C. Renwick.

* * *

Herbert Adams the sculptor has been elected President of the National Academy of Design, New York, the first time since the incumbency of John Q. A. Ward that the chair has gone to any save a painter. Mr. Adams takes the place of Julian Alden Weir who asked to be excused from further duty. In a rude commercial town where people elbow and shoulder one another the Presidency of an organization as large as the Academy ought to go to some artist exceptional in his business ability or to some amateur who might supply the need of an alert, or even strenuous head. Artists are rarely fitted for such a position. Neither Alexander nor Weir nor Adams exactly meet this requirement, however worthily they may reflect the art side of the Academy. Just at present there is need of a Roebing to construct a bridge between the artists and the buying public, between the Faithful and the Philistines.

* * *

Miss Isadora Duncan must have committed a series of crimes in her present life or past existence to be the victim of penciled libels, to be pilloried in sketches as she has by one Abraham Walkowitz. He is a native of Siberia who has studied in New York and Parisian art schools, where he has learned to be discontented with ordinary human proportions in his subject and to seek for art in extravagant movement, distorted torsoes and clumsy arms and legs. When a popular dancer reaches a given age she is admonished by Nature that she can no longer fascinate by her lithe lines and charming movement; what is to be said of an artist who takes this occasion to picture her, and, not content with facts, to belie her form with sketches that reach the verge of caricature? These bloated elephantine legs and pillow-shaped arms, this chinless face on a neck too long and square, these prancings and cavortings as of some overfed prize beast at a fair—is it possible that they can even suggest a *danseuse* who has had in the past her share of appreciation? Yet here they hang in the Daniels gallery on West Forty-seventh Street, New York, and form a veritable little den of bad taste and bad drawing, of ugly movement and grotesque, repulsive composition—just as if there could be no limit set to the long suffering of the public. And in fact, if Mrs. Isadora Duncan is willing that such hideous things should pass as representing her physique; if she has not cared to call upon the law to protect her from such insulting figurines, pretending to show her as she is without one illusion left, it is scarcely

the duty of any one else to enter protest. It is a curious thing, however, that there are persons with tastes so unformed or deformed who can bear to make such horrors and call the public in to suffer from their brutal vulgarity.

* * *

Well into May extended the exhibition of pictures of Miss Mary Cassatt at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, 12 East Fifty-sixth Street. Miss Cassatt makes a specialty of groups of children and nurses and to her task she brings an excellent training with no little intelligence in the handling of color. The scheme is usually in a high key and the workmanship is most remarkable. Like many of the artists of to-day in France—where she usually resides—and in this country too, she pursues a course of realism that leads her to disdain beauty in her sitters. Thus in her aversion to the prune-box style, the pretty-pretty, she oversteps the mark and often chooses subjects of a lamentable plainness in face and figure who are unworthy of the great technical skill she brings to bear on their portrayal.

One may not quarrel with the preferences of artists, but one may regret that while a painter is about it, he or she should not make a more careful selection of persons. It is not necessary to be so afraid of the namby-pamby and commonplace that one should choose ugly subjects. It gives an impression of lack of balance when an American follows Degas, for example, not merely in the masterly fashion of his brushwork, but his manner of avoiding beauty and courting the slatternly and ill-favored, trying to confer so far as he can immortality on persons who may deserve pity, but whose actual ugliness should be forgot.

Among the many exhibitions of pictures in New York, the proceeds of which by sales and entrance fees go to benevolent objects, is the showing of original drawings by the Franco-American organization called *Appui aux Artistes*. The Knoedlers having offered their galleries free of charge, a collection of drawings was shown in May which gave an opportunity to see work by Bernard Boutet de Monvel, Steinlen, Barbier, Lepape, Léandre and other well known French painters and illustrators. Many of the drawings and sketches refer to the great war, representing battle scenes and life in the trenches; others are decorative designs. The object is to add to the funds of the *Appui aux Artistes*, an organization that takes care of the families of artists who are fighting the invader. Georges Lepape (no capital to this patronymic!) has an amusing vein of exaggeration in his colored drawings "Fâcheux Jaloux," "Golden Sun" and "Gust of Wind," with no small skill in composition and color scheme. Japanese and Persian illustrations are suggested in "The Red Mirror," a woman putting on rouge for theatricals, perhaps in some Oriental play. Pierre Brissand has quick, realistic water-colors—"The Passing Regiment" and "On the March"; Georges Barbier some very beautifully wrought and fantastic Oriental figures in aquarelle; Steinlen a fine charcoal "The Refugees" and Bernard Boutet de Monvel drawings in color, echoing in a lighter, more gossamer way the work of his father. There were many little pictures in water-colors and

colored chalks made by artists at the front; these were offered at low prices in frames and were quickly sold, the amount netted being surprisingly large. No charges were made for exhibit and salesmen, so that a substantial sum has gone to the credit of L'Appui.

* * *

What is known as the New Hope Group of Painters has held an exhibition at the Arlington Galleries, New York, on Madison Avenue near Fortieth Street. The name does not mean a group of optimists nor a prophetic group, nor a futuristic; for the benefit of the few people who do not know their geography let us say at once that there is a village in the Delaware Valley called New Hope and a group of artists infest it. The leader appears to be W. L. Lathrop, N. A., whose Long Island landscapes may be recalled for their sober, exact and reserved treatment. Here is a hazy "Summer Afternoon," a wee bit painty, a "Mountain Pasture" with suggestion of strong but not hot sunshine, and an "Evening Near the Coast." Such pictures are antidotes to the noise of big cities. Of the three Lathrops the simplest is the most attractive with its umber tones, low horizon and pale afternoon moon high in the sky. Daniel Garber, N. A., another New Hoper—at least in summer time—has a more delicate and poetic view of rural scenes. "Old Church, Carversville" is a view of backyards full of pleasing tones on building, tree and vine; it is true that the sky beyond the village church and houses does not retire as discreetly as it should in a picture for the fastidious. "Orchard Hill" is a pleasant view also, yet here again we feel that the sky beyond the trees presses too close. It is in "Morning Mist" that we get Mr. Garber's most charming canvas—a quiet, dripping winter's day, a lake beset with ice, silver birches and delightful tones of brown against the white.

Then there is Morgan Colt, a landscapist of a quiet turn. "Winter" with brown fields shrouded in snow and brown haycocks streaked with rime makes one feel the season. "Sudden Thaw" gives one the sense of damp air. The "Old York Road" however, is marred by two things, one being the hideous and uncomfortable-looking house which a mistaken prompting toward realism has allowed him to include and the other, that the painter has rejected realism to the point of unreality when painting the road and the foliage above the house. It is all too soft and ill-defined. Robert Spencer, A. N. A., whose "White Tenement" took the Inness gold medal in 1914, paints in the "scale" method of strokes side by side. The medal picture and the "Red Shale Road" are here, the latter strangely soft and boggy in appearance. "May Breezes," a row of trees, depends on its title; for if we were not warned of the breeze it is doubtful if we would have seen its presence. The fifth New Hoper is Charles Rosen, N. A., taker of many prizes and medals. "The Brook" is a convincing snowscape; "The Linemen" is a difficult subject owing to the ugly telegraph poles one of which, with a lineman clinging to its top, juts against a big ivory-colored cloud. The figure is indistinct, but the cloud is a fine piece of work. Mr. Rosen has managed to combine two gaunt and awkward poles with a clump of trees in a very clever way. Sloan Bredin has

three pictures wrought in a pastel effect which makes one regret that he should have used oils; pastel would have given a chance for bolder, richer coloring. These are pleasant pictures indeed, which may well appeal in the long run to the affections.

PORTRAITS BY FRANZÈN

One of the small galleries of M. Knoedler & Company was given over not long ago to a score of oil portraits by August Franzèn—men, women and children together, with one *genre* picture called "Congratulations" showing two bonny young ladies somewhat Scandinavian in appearance engaged in reading a letter. One stands behind the chair of her comrade, wearing her hat and carrying a "vanity bag" of beadwork, and peeps archly over the shoulder of the other at the incriminating document. The blonde seated is particularly well painted as to hair and fluffy gown. The picture is more like a combination of two portraits of sisters on one canvas than a scene having a definite story to tell.

Mr. Franzèn is a thorough and competent portraitist. What strikes one is the reticence of his brushwork first of all, whereby he gives one relief from the noisy apostles of the strenuous in painting, whose shouting must be accepted as a confession of inability to express themselves in quiet, cogent speech—and then the agreeable, intelligent, pleasant look-out of the faces of the sitters: it is hard to believe, these days, but they look really

friendly, as well as alive, and glad to see you! Instead of appearing to have been brought up in a sawmill and rather recently subjected to accidents in machine shops which have left them more or less mangled and fierce, they resemble human beings who have had their fair share of comfort. In other words, may we not conclude that whereas the "wild men" shout because they think of nobody but themselves and fear to be overlooked, artists of this kind are intent on the interests of their clients and strive to make portraits worth handing down to posterity?

Notable also is the success obtained by Franzèn in painting men. It is curious that the ability to paint the masculine well is so comparatively rare among painters, perhaps because in modern times there is a *culte* of the feminine and artists have observed that now in the old-master sales the woman figures almost always fetch a higher price than the male by the same hand. Yale University lent its portrait of Professor the Hon. William H. Taft, President Emeritus of the United States. Franzèn has not given him the famous "Taft smile" but presents him in a genial aspect standing in his college gown—an admirable likeness and a fine work of art. Justice George Holt is another excellent likeness and so is that of Barton A. Hepburn, shown at the Winter Academy, which belongs to the New York Chamber of Commerce. One rarely sees so many well-painted living portraits brought together in a single room, all the work of a living American artist.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Art for Art's sake means, for its adepts—the pursuit of pure beauty without any other preoccupation.

Théophile Gautier

Away with your Art for Art's sake, and give me Art for Humanity's sake!

Victor Hugo

The supreme art in literature had its highest effect in making me set art forever below humanity.

William Dean Howells

Talent imposes duties. Art for art's sake is a vain word. Art for the truth, art for the good, art for the beautiful, that is the religion that I seek.

George Sand

Bah! Pure literature—the literature of beautiful thoughts expressed in beautiful words has no excuse except as an aesthetic amusement. It receives altogether too much respect from persons of intelligence.

Guglielmo Ferrero